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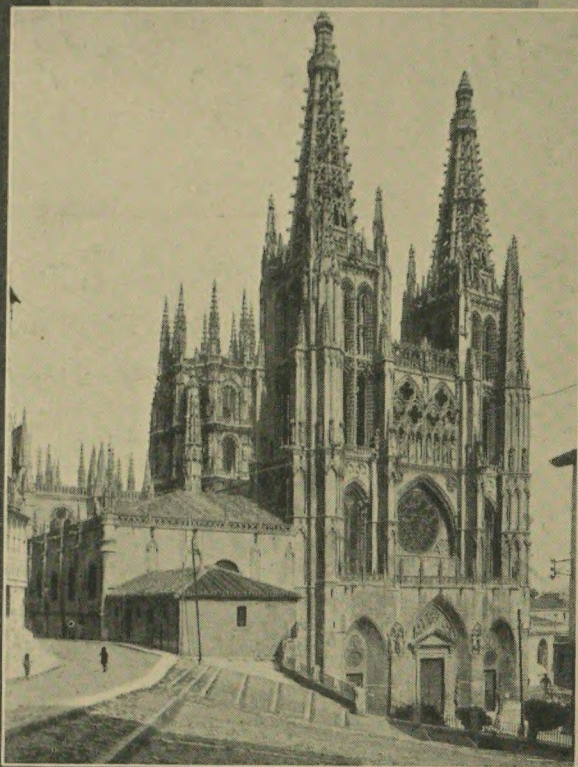
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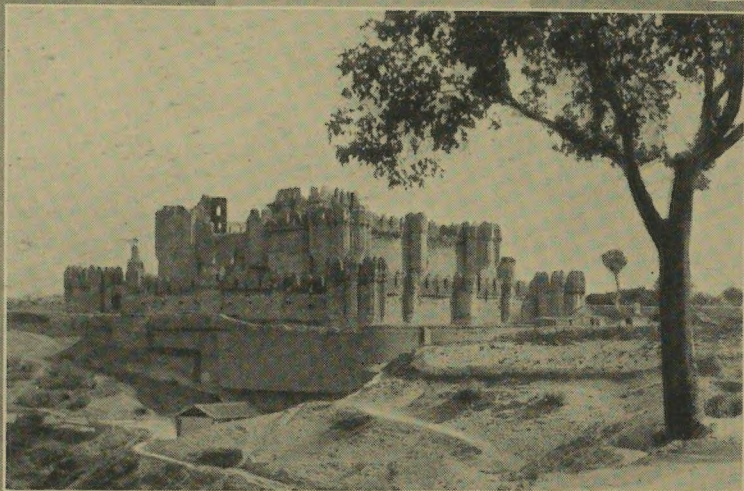
BEAUTIFUL SPAIN



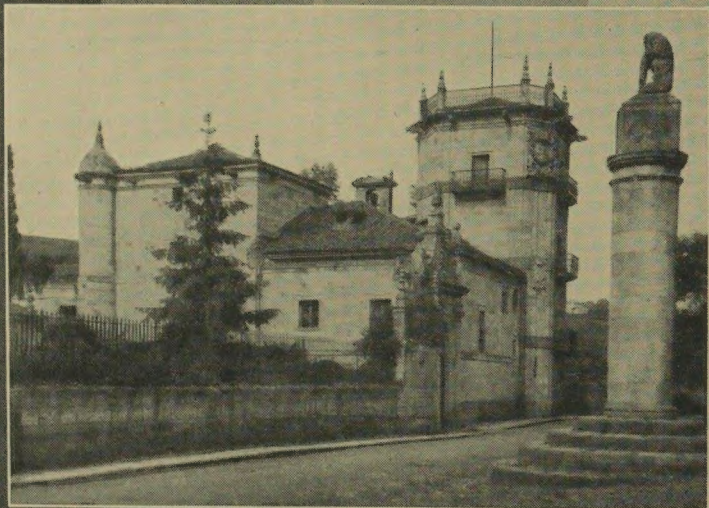
Burgos. The Cathedral



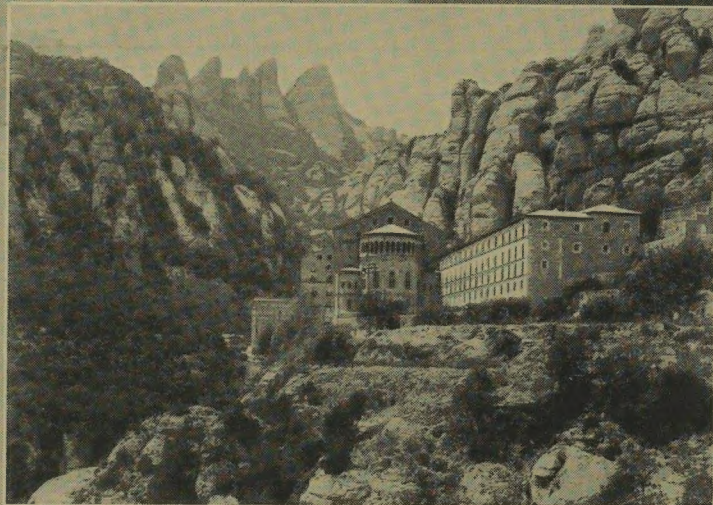
Salamanca. Façade of University.



Coca Castle.



Pámanes (Santander). The Elsedo Palace



Barcelona. Monastery of Montserrat.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The Country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky. On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate, and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain—at PARIS: 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK: 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME: 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR: 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons-Lits, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1931.



THE FIRST MAN TO TREAD THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KAMET: LEWA, THE PORTER, ILL AFTER THE ASCENT, BEING HAULED OVER THE DHAOLI RIVER IN A "CAT'S CRADLE."

Describing the first of the two successful attempts to climb to the summit of Mount Kamet, Mr. F. S. Smythe wrote: "A few yards from the top we halted, telling Lewa to go ahead. It was the least compliment we could pay to those splendid men, our porters, to whom we owe so much. At 4.30 p.m. we stood on the summit." During the descent, Lewa, already ill, became more distressed, and it was found that his feet were seriously frost-bitten. Thus it came that the gallant porter had to be sent to the Base Camp, and finally to hospital. The latest news is that he is progressing. As to the moment here illustrated, PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE

Mr. Smythe wrote: "There was a disagreeable surprise when the lower snow bridge over the Dhaoli River collapsed, and its turbulent torrent could not be forded. . . . Ingenious local men were equal to the emergency. They soon constructed a rope bridge, consisting of a single rope. Four strands were stretched from a boulder on one side to a boulder on the other. Next a V-shaped juniper root was obtained and placed inverted on the rope stage. Suspended from this was a complicated cat's cradle made of yak ropes, in which the load or the passenger was placed. This contraption was then pulled over the torrent."

"THE TIMES." THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT. (SEE ALSO OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT seems that the new fashions in ladies' dress are likely at least to contain features that are Victorian, and especially Early Victorian. I cannot speak with any knowledge or authority on the point myself. There is, perhaps, nothing that I know less about than female dress; except male dress, and especially my own dress. But the newspapers say it is so, and therefore it must be true. They are the very same newspapers, by the way, which have been saying for the last six or seven years, with something almost approaching monotony, that the world has left behind all Victorian notions, and that the young will never walk again in Victorian ways. I do not propose to enter here on a debate about poke-bonnets and parasols, because the only point that interests me in the matter is this. I should like to watch and see whether these newspaper champions of everything that is new retain such weak remnants of the operation of the reason as to be able to turn their own argument round; to follow their own reasoning backwards as well as forwards; and to realise that it must cut both ways, if it is to cut any ice at all.

We know the highly philosophical philosophy which is generally employed to proclaim this recent Victory over Victoria. The newspaper debate has generally run rather like this. We will suppose that somebody is so singularly constituted as to feel there is a certain lack of dignity in being divorced and remarried and re-divorced every two or three days. We will suppose that he even says plainly that a Turkish harem would be far more decent than a succession of weddings resembling the Ladies' Chain in the Lancers—alas! a very Victorian dance of my boyish days. If he should summon up courage to suggest that there is something to be said for people keeping their promises, and not less when the promise is made in a church for the making of a household—then we all know the answer he gets, or has generally got hitherto. Somebody retorts, with something between a shriek and a giggle: "Marriage vows! Oh, marriage vows went out with poke-bonnets and Victorian skirts. They belonged to a funny old world, that you can see in the old fashion plates."

It is not unfruitful, perhaps, for the philosopher to pause in a pensive manner, if only for a moment, over this almost universal answer. He may find it entertaining to muse on what would have been thought of its intellectual quality by any human being professing to use his head in almost any other epoch. I like to think of the inscrutable smile of Gautama the Lord Buddha, a little more curved and archaic than it appears on his images, if somebody had said that his whole theory of Desire and Detachment had gone out with some particular style in turbans or pattern of coloured slippers once fashionable at his father's Court. I picture the miserable fate of the man who should have said to Socrates that the idea of Immortality or of the Highest Beauty was appropriate to long tunics in the time of Pericles, but not appropriate to short tunics in the time of Demosthenes. I picture the long-drawn agony of his answers when Socrates "put him to the Question." I behold in a sort of vision the face of Dante, never perhaps, pre-eminently genial, when he was informed that the doctrine of the Love That Moves the Sun and all the Stars had been laid aside along with last year's fashion in scalloped sleeves or long, pointed shoes. I like to think of Descartes being told that he must hang up the Cartesian Philosophy with his old hat; or Spinoza being informed that his whole mathematical conception of an ordered universe was, in fact, something merely pinned on to an abandoned

dress-gown. No thinkers ever thought that their concepts and conclusions could possibly be a part of their old clothes, because the thing simply cannot be thought by anybody who is actually thinking. Marriage might be wrong, and certainly might be regarded as wrong; and many of us think Buddha and Spinoza wrong; and some think the Cartesian system wrong. But there is simply no meaning at all in throwing old hats and wigs at the people who think them right. A philosopher is hardly to be driven out of the Academy by the apparition of an old-clothes man.

stop dead, and walk strictly in the strait and narrow path of decorum? The connection of ideas seems to me to make as much sense one way as the other. Will the gentleman who has already begun to imitate some of the modes of the Albert period wave away from him all temptations, solely because he is wearing the white waistcoat of a blameless life? Will the wild artist in Chelsea, who has already begun to wear little side-whiskers of a pattern purely Victorian, feel it essential to imitate in every particular the behaviour of the Clapham Sect? Will the fast and fashionable man about town, tempted to go gate-crashing or cocktail-drinking to excess, cry with a new sense of the symbolic significance of the words: "Not in these trousers"?

We, on our side, might argue, in the same spirit, that the age which has abandoned horses and prefers cars to carts has a natural disposition to put the cart before the horse. That, at least, is the character of all its arguments. But what I am wondering is whether the logicians who put the cart before the horse will at least be logical enough to deduce that they are putting the horse behind the cart. If it is sufficient argument to say that certain ancient faiths were associated with certain recent fashions, it must be relevant to refer back to the faiths if the fashions again become fashionable. But, of course, the whole connection, when taken so seriously, becomes entirely comic. What those who talked this nonsense really meant, I suppose, was that they knew so little about the fundamental ideas and moral institutions of mankind that, not being able to make head or tail of them, they could only suppose they had been imposed as frivolously and as ephemerally as hats and trousers. This proves nothing, except that the people in question were entirely ignorant of actual human experience; which is, perhaps, why they were always screaming aloud for "experiences."

It does not matter to me either way.

I not only never identified peg-top trousers with Victorianism; I also never identified Victorianism with virtue. In some ways the Victorian Age was anything but an age in which the moral philosophy of marriage stood firm. It was rather the age when that moral philosophy was already beginning to fall to pieces. The sacramental idea of sex was much less understood than it was centuries before, and probably much less than it will be centuries after. But it is true that the Victorians had a certain understanding of quiet and comfort and a living leisure, which has been lost among the jazzers and the jumpers and the gate-crashers; and some sincere modern poets, like Miss Edith Sitwell, have had a real idea in their minds in the attempt to render that historical interlude in literature. In that way there is some connection between the fashion of our dress and the fashion of our dreams, and the poke-bonnet may find its place in poetry after all. But, anyhow, I am not going to assume peg-top trousers or Piccadilly weepers (a peculiar kind of whiskers): so I shall never know whether they would make me a holier and a wiser man.



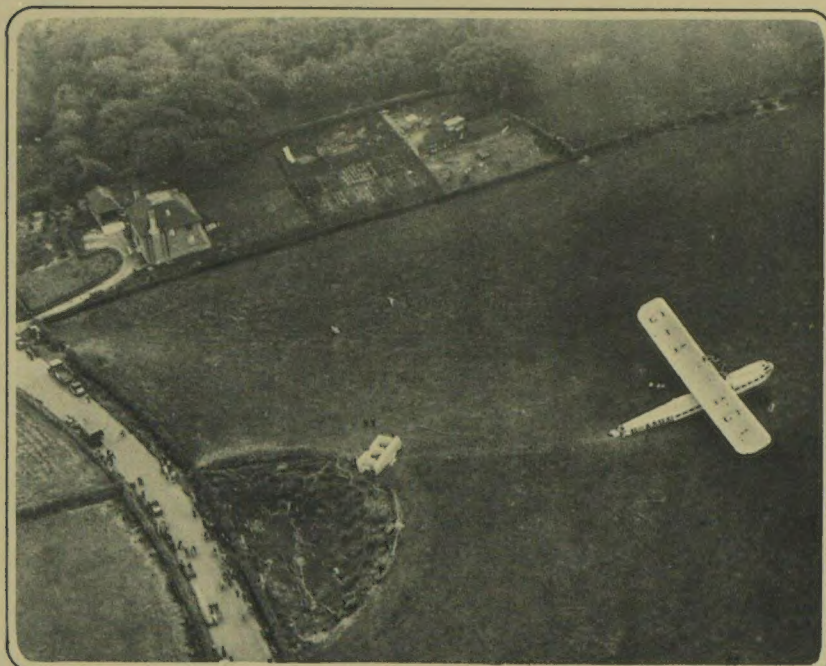
A NIECE OF THE QUEEN ENGAGED:
LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE AND HER FIANCÉ,
CAPTAIN HENRY ABEL SMITH.

An official announcement issued from Kensington Palace on August 7 stated: "Lady May Cambridge is engaged to be married to Captain Henry Abel Smith, Royal Horse Guards. The marriage will probably take place about the end of October." Lady May Cambridge is the only surviving child of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Major-General the Earl of Athlone, who is a brother of the Queen. Lady May was educated at St. Paul's School for Girls, and recently became President of the Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service. Captain Henry Abel Smith was A.D.C. to Lord Athlone in South Africa from 1928 until last January, when the Earl's extended term of office as Governor-General expired, and afterwards remained for a few weeks as A.D.C. to his successor, the Earl of Clarendon. Captain Abel Smith is a son of the late Mr. Francis Abel Smith, banker, and of Mrs. Francis Abel Smith, of Princes Gate, Kensington, and Beau Manor, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

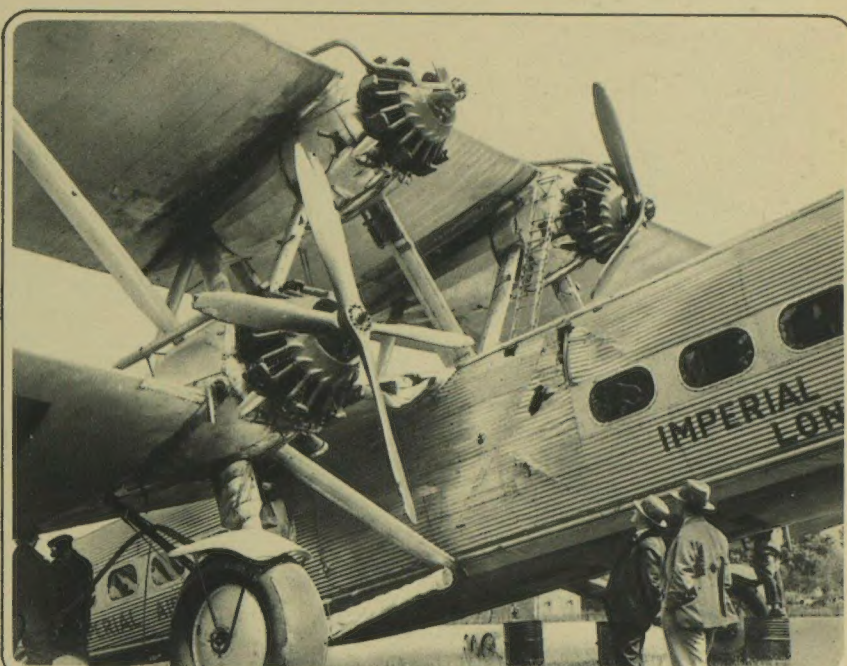
But anyhow, that was the argument, if you can call it an argument, that was universally applied. And what I want to know is whether it is going to be applied consistently. If marriage went out with poke-bonnets, it would presumably return with poke-bonnets. If Victorian virtue was doomed to disappear with Victorian dress, it is presumably doomed to reappear with Victorian dress. Are we to understand that as soon as the *modistes* succeed in putting a particular sort of hat on the market, similar to the hat of more rigid or respectable days, a sudden rigidity and stiffening of moral conduct will run through the whole of society; and those who were living wild and wicked lives up to that moment will



THRILLS OF THE AIR: DISASTER BRILLIANTLY AVERTED; TWO "RECORDS."



THE WORLD'S LARGEST PASSENGER AEROPLANE SKILFULLY PILOTED TO EARTH, IN A FORCED LANDING, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE 18 PASSENGERS: AN AIR VIEW OF THE WRECKED "HANNIBAL," WITH SEVERED TAIL, GROUNDED ON AN EVEN KEEL. The skill of the pilot, Captain F. Dismore, saved the "Hannibal," the first of the big new Imperial Airways liners, when engine trouble necessitated a forced landing in Kent, on the way to Paris, on August 8. Captain Dismore brought the machine safely to earth in a small field at



THREE OF THE AIR-LINER'S FOUR ENGINES AFTER THE LANDING: (LEFT) THE STARBOARD PAIR WITH AIR-SCREWS DAMAGED BY COLLISION WITH A TELEGRAPH POST; (RIGHT) THE UPPER PORT ENGINE WHOSE VIBRATION DECIDED THE PILOT TO DESCEND. Tudeley, near Tonbridge, though one wing collided with a telegraph-post, and the tail was torn off by a tree stump. The 18 passengers stepped out unhurt, and were surprised to see so much damage when they themselves had suffered so little inconvenience.



A NEW AUSTRALIA-TO-ENGLAND FLIGHT RECORD OF LESS THAN 9 DAYS: MR. J. A. MOLLISON (LEFT) WELCOMED ON LANDING AT CROYDON BY MR. F. MONTAGUE, UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR.

Mr. J. A. Mollison, since congratulated by the King on having "lowered the record for the homeward journey from Australia to England by two days and two hours," landed in England on August 6, and at Croydon was officially welcomed by Mr. F. Montague, Under-Secretary for



COMPARING NOTES WITH THE MAKER OF THE PREVIOUS RECORD, WHICH HE REDUCED BY OVER TWO DAYS: MR. J. A. MOLLISON (ON THE LEFT) AND MR. C. W. A. SCOTT, EXAMINING ROUTES ON A MAP.

Air. The flight of about 10,000 miles was done in 8 days, 20 hours, 19 minutes. The previous record (about 10 days, 22 hours) had been made in June by Mr. C. W. Anderson Scott. Both airmen used a British light aeroplane of the same type, the Gipsy Moth, with Gipsy II. engine.



THE RECORD NON-STOP FLIGHT: MESSRS. POLANDO AND BOARDMAN (L. TO R. IN CENTRE) JUST LANDED AT CONSTANTINOPLE; WITH MR. JOSEPH GREU, U.S. AMBASSADOR (RIGHT) AND THE GOVERNOR OF STAMBOUL (LEFT).

Mr. Russell Boardman and Mr. John Polando, two American airmen, recently broke the non-stop flight record by flying from New York to Constantinople (equal to 4984 sea miles) in their Belanca monoplane, "Cape Cod." They started on July 28 and, after flying for 49 hours across



THE AIRMEN WEARING THE TURKISH MEDALS PRESENTED IN HONOUR OF THEIR RECORD NON-STOP FLIGHT: MR. RUSSELL BOARDMAN (LEFT) AND MR. JOHN POLANDO (THIRD) WITH THE GHAZI PASHA (BETWEEN THEM).

the Atlantic and Europe, landed at the Yeshilkeuy Aerodrome on July 30. They were welcomed by the Vail of Constantinople, to whom they handed letters from President Hoover to the Ghazi Pasha and the United States Ambassador. The Ghazi afterwards received them at Yalova.

A FATEFUL WEEK-END IN GERMANY: THE REFERENDUM—2



THE GERMAN COMMUNIST PARTY'S HEADQUARTERS, NEAR WHICH TWO POLICE CAPTAINS WERE SHOT DEAD: THE KARL LIEBKNECHT HOUSE, BERLIN (AFTERWARDS CLOSED AND OCCUPIED BY POLICE), COVERED WITH REFERENDUM "SLOGANS."



GERMAN POLICE ENGAGED IN DISPERSING COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATORS: A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN BERLIN DURING THE DISTURBANCES IN CONNECTION WITH THE REFERENDUM ON THE QUESTION OF DISSOLVING THE PRUSSIAN DIET.

THE adjoining photograph illustrates a sequel to the most serious incident of the disturbances in Berlin. "While the results of the referendum were awaited" (says the "Times" correspondent) the Communists were again causing bloodshed in Berlin. In the Bülowplatz, the police, who were keeping order in the neighbourhood of the Karl Liebknecht House, the headquarters of the German Communist Party, suddenly came under heavy fire from adjacent houses and neighbouring streets. The firing began as at a given signal, and two captains of police were killed on the spot.

(Continued opposite.)



AFTER THE MURDER OF POLICE CAPTAINS LENK AND ANLAUF, KILLED WHEN HEAVY FIRE WAS OPENED FROM ADJACENT BUILDINGS AND STREETS: BERLIN POLICE ABOUT TO OCCUPY THE COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS, KARL LIEBKNECHT HOUSE, IN THE BÜLOWPLATZ, WHERE FIGHTING OCCURRED ON THE DAY OF THE REFERENDUM.



ARRESTED COMMUNISTS (INCLUDING A WOMAN) BEING CONVEYED TO A POLICE STATION: AN INCIDENT OF THE SEARCH FOR THE MURDERER OF TWO BERLIN POLICE OFFICERS.

The week-end August 8-10 was a fateful time for Germany, and the political strife was attended by tragic incidents. Sunday, August 9, was the polling day for the Stahlhelm referendum proposing the dissolution of the Prussian Diet. That was the immediate question, but it was generally felt that the real issue at stake was the existence of the German Reich in its present form. The official but provisional results published the same evening showed that the referendum had failed. The number of votes cast for the dissolution was given as 9,763,603, or only about 36 per cent. of the electorate, instead of the requisite 50 per cent., or about 13,447,500 votes. It was estimated that the total number of Prussian voters had increased to about 26,899,000 since the election last September, when the political parties associated with the Hitlerite Nazis in the referendum had together polled some 12,500,000 votes. By a strange irony, the referendum was also supported by the Communists, for their own purposes. On this point the Prussian Government's manifesto stigmatised the temporary combination of Nazis, Nationalists, People's Party, Stahlhelmers, and Communists as "the unnatural alliance of irreconcilable and deadly enemies." Each group, it was declared,

while a police sergeant was seriously wounded. The police returned the fire." A message of the next day (August 10) stated: "Following the riots in the Bülowplatz last night, the Berlin Police President has ordered the Karl Liebknecht House to be closed and occupied by the police until August 20. The Police President has offered a reward of £1000 for information leading to the arrest of the man who killed the two Police captains. . . . The police themselves killed one and wounded between twenty and thirty demonstrators last night. . . . About 100 arrests were made in the Bülowplatz."



THE FEMININE ELEMENT IN GERMAN COMMUNISM: AN ARRESTED GIRL BEING ESCORTED TO A POLICE STATION IN BERLIN BY TWO MEMBERS OF THE FORCE.

STRIFE AND BLOODSHED IN BERLIN, A RAILWAY OUTRAGE.



A COMMUNIST INSCRIPTION ON A HOUSE IN THE HAGENAUER STRASSE IN BERLIN: "FOR ONE WORKMAN SHOT, TWO POLICE OFFICERS WILL LOSE THEIR LIVES! THE RED FRONT WILL TAKE REVENGE FOR EVERYTHING."

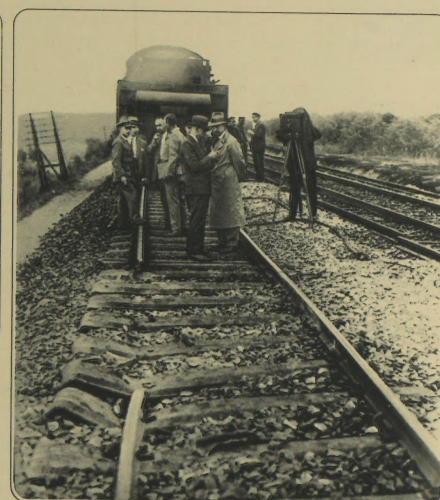


PRECAUTIONS AGAINST A RECURRENCE OF THE RIOTING THAT OCCURRED IN BERLIN ON THE DAY OF THE REFERENDUM: GERMAN POLICE, ON AUGUST 10, SEARCHING MEN FOR ARMS IN THE BÜLOWPLATZ, THE SCENE OF THE WORST DISTURBANCES.

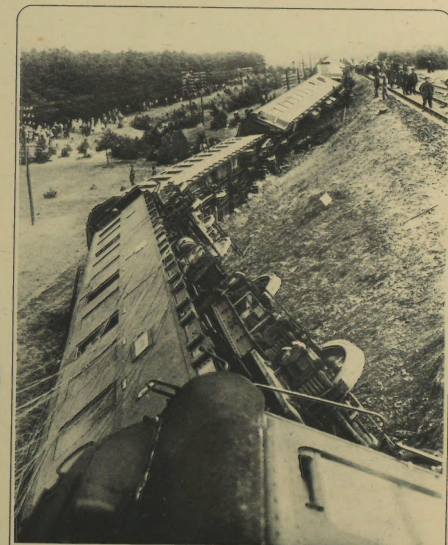


COUNTING VOTES: WORK WHICH SHOWED THAT THE ADVOCATES OF DISSOLUTION OBTAINED LESS THAN 10 MILLION VOTES INSTEAD OF THE 13 MILLION-ODD REQUIRED.

had an opposite aim; one desired a Fascist Prussia; the other a Soviet Prussia; but "Nazis and Communists alike want chaos." The Communist "slogans" are seen in inscriptions covering the Karl Liebknecht House (in the top left-hand photograph). These may be translated (from the top downwards)—"Against the inciters of war upon Soviet Russia—and for its defence"; "Down with Fascism and the Prussian Diet"; "Red Prussia for a free Socialist Germany"; and "Vote 'Yes' at the Referendum on August 9." The eve of the poll was chosen by the perpetrators of a railway outrage. The Basel-Frankfurt-Berlin express, due in Berlin at 11.22 p.m. on August 8, was wrecked by the explosion of a bomb on the line between Jüterbog and Gruna. Several carriages toppled down an embankment, and ten people were seriously injured, while some eighty passengers received minor wounds. Electric wires were afterwards found leading to some bushes near the line. The Government and the State Railway Company each offered £2500 reward for information leading to the capture of the culprits, as there was some ground for believing that their motives might have been political.



THE WRECKING OF A GERMAN EXPRESS ON THE EVE OF THE REFERENDUM: OFFICIALS AT THE SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE; SHOWING SEVERAL YARDS OF RAIL DESTROYED BY THE EXPLOSION OF A BOMB DETONATED BY ELECTRIC WIRES.



THE OVERTURNED CARRIAGES OF THE WRECKED BASEL-FRANKFURT-BERLIN EXPRESS: A DISASTER IN WHICH 10 PEOPLE WERE SERIOUSLY INJURED AND MANY SLIGHTLY.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

GHOST-SHRIMPS AND SEA-SPIDERS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

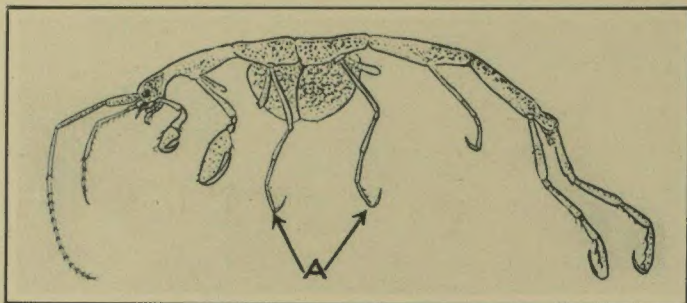
SPORTSMEN, and members of scientific expeditions, between them have left little of the earth's surface unexplored in their search for trophies, or new and rare types of the animal kingdom. In the attainment of their object hardship and danger have commonly to be faced. But they can at least select the creatures they covet from among a host, perhaps, of others they deem of no importance.

In this they have a great advantage over those who set out to secure specimens from the great wide sea. Here collecting is much like dipping the hand into a bran pie, even though, as a result of long years of experience, a rough guess as to the kinds of animals which will be drawn up can be made. We know now that certain animals can only be found in certain places, and perhaps at certain times. But even then, taking advantage of this knowledge, and knowing what "ought" to be found at a given time and place, the operators can only hope that their efforts will be successful. They cannot pursue their quarry, after the fashion of the big-game hunter. The sea, in short, is still a place of mystery. Along the shore, in rock-pools, around coral-reefs, we can, indeed, see what is going on. But out on the open ocean we can only guess. We can only see, in imagination, vast hosts of herring or mackerel or cod moving like an army through the silent waters. We can only see, in imagination, the hordes of cuttlefish that levy toll on creatures weaker than themselves, or which are themselves, in turn, overhauled and decimated by schools of whales. This ceaseless carnage no human eye has yet witnessed, though we know that it is going on.

We have found out just exactly how far the light of day penetrates into these mysterious depths; we have a fairly exact knowledge of the temperature of the waters of the great deeps; we know much of the currents which scour these deeps. We are now, however, at the dawn of a new era, for Dr. Beebe's daring venture, described in these pages recently, has opened the door to great discoveries. But, be the means of acquiring samples of the living creatures of this watery world what they may, the samples themselves tell us, in no uncertain way, that their several peculiarities of shape and size and colour are determined, as with the creatures of the land, by the animate and inanimate conditions of their environment. Being animal bodies, in short, this must be so, for the qualities of their tissues are fundamentally the same.

Though we divide the surface of the globe into land and water, we must remember that the area covered by water is vastly greater than that covered by land; that this world of water is vastly older than the land; and that in the water life first came into being. Again, we must remember that, while the great ocean areas have persisted since the world began, this is by no means true of the land, which time and again has for millions of years alternately been submerged and thrust up. Our marble mantelpieces and buildings of Portland stone, our Lias limestone, our coal-mines and chalk cliffs, all

"struggle." Let me, on this occasion, cite some examples from among the crustacea to illustrate the way in which new, and often strange, forms have come into being by virtue of the fact that their tissues have proved capable of "adjustment" to changed and changing conditions



1. A SHRIMP OF SEDENTARY HABITS WHOSE MEANS OF LOCOMOTION HAVE DEGENERATED: THE SKELETON-SHRIMP (*PHTISICA MARINA*), WITH TWO PAIRS OF DEGENERATED WALKING LEGS (A), HOOKS AT THE HINDER END OF ITS BODY, AND "NIPPERS" IN FRONT. The skeleton-shrimp is seen here highly magnified; the body of the living animal is almost thread-like in its slenderness. The legs have become greatly reduced in number and changed in form. The two front pairs have "nippers" for seizing food; the hinder pair are used for holding on to weeds. In the centre is seen the shrimp's prominent brood-pouch, in which the eggs are carried.

of existence. To maintain a hold on life all living bodies must eat. But the food supply of a given population is nowhere inexhaustible. Sooner or later the number of mouths to be fed will create a shortage of this supply. But, probably even before this stage is reached, some members of that population, perhaps by some idiosyncrasy of taste, will have taken to a new kind of food. This will not only relieve the strain on the main bulk of that population, but it will give a new lease of life to those which have found a new diet.

We can find abundant illustrations of this among the crustacea. Shrimps, crabs, and lobsters afford us our "typical" crustacea. But there are many hundreds of other less familiar crustacean types which have come into being as a consequence of this power of "adjustment." Some of these are older and more primitive types than crabs and lobsters, which impress themselves on our notice by reason of their size or their value to us as a food.

That shrimps and crabs and lobsters have descended from lowlier types, we know from the fact that from the course of their development from the egg, onwards, they roughly repeat the main structural features of these primitive types before assuming that final stage which we call a crab or a lobster, as the case may be.

Of these more primitive types there is a large group comprising what are known as the "Amphipoda," to which belong the "sand-hoppers" (*Gammarus locusta*), which can be found on any sandy beach at low tide during the summer holidays, and the so-called "fresh-water shrimp" of our ponds and ditches (*G. pulex*). These have a long, solid-looking body composed of a series of segments not unlike the hinder part of the body of a lobster, two pairs of antennae, and several pairs of legs, modified, or "adjusted," to perform different functions.

Thus there are grasping legs, with nippers for seizing food, walking legs, and swimming legs, and these all follow closely behind one another. Turn from this to the strange-looking "caprella," or the "ghost-shrimp," which those who will may find in a "treasure-hunt" among rock-pools during the summer holidays. But here I speak not of any rock-pool, but only of such as are to be found during those extra-low tides, or "spring tides," which lay bare what is known as the "Laminarian zone," characterised by the great forests of

that broad-leaved sea-weed known as *Laminaria digitata*, which is not to be found during ordinary low tides.

To appreciate fully the many peculiarities of the "ghost-shrimp," turn for a moment to consider its near relation, the "sea-locust" (*Gammarus locusta*) (Fig. 2). Here, it will be noticed there are numerous pairs of legs fulfilling various functions. For this creature leads a strenuous life, its various activities including swimming, crawling, and leaping. But the ghost-shrimp leads a sedentary life, clinging to the branches of Hydrozoa on which it feeds. Hence only the grasping legs, bearing "nippers," or chelae, and two pairs of slender legs terminating in hooks at the hinder end of the body remain. In the nearly allied *Phtisica marina* (Fig. 1), two pairs of walking legs, very slender, and evidently degenerated, are still retained. In each, there will be seen, in the centre of the body a "brood-pouch" in which the eggs are carried. As to the body itself, in the sea-locust the last six of the great body-shields represent the abdomen; those in front cover the thorax. In the ghost-shrimps the body, here much magnified, is reduced to almost thread-like proportions, and the abdomen is represented by a mere stump at the extreme end of the body. Here we see the consequences of a sluggish habit of life.

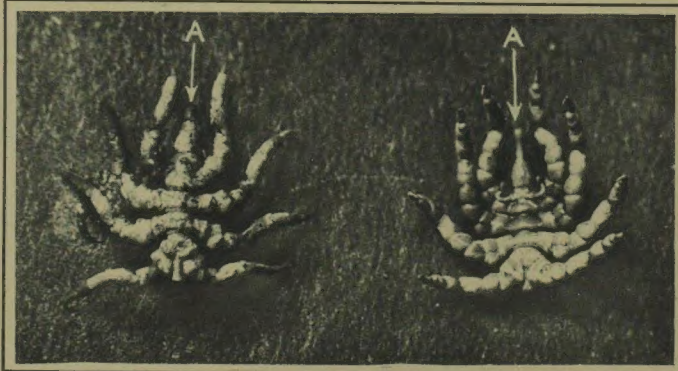
A near relative of the ghost-shrimp—the whale-louse of the hump-backed whale (*Paracymus boops*)—has carried this sedentary life still further, and has become a parasite. Its transformation to serve this ignoble end has been drastic. On this account I must defer comments on this for another occasion. And this because I want to say something of some other remarkable creatures at one time regarded as crustacea, but now considered to be more closely related to the arachnida, or spiders.

One of these, the "common shore-spider" (*Pycnogonum littorale*) (Fig. 4), is to be found in rock-pools under stones or attached to sea-anemones. It is sometimes to be taken in great numbers. Herein the body is segmented, and each segment bears a pair of long legs with sharp claws, while a long proboscis projecting from the head serves to suck the juices of its victims.

By way of contrast, turn to the exceedingly fragile *Phoxichilus*, which fastens upon those strange animals the hydroids, so commonly mistaken for sea-weeds.

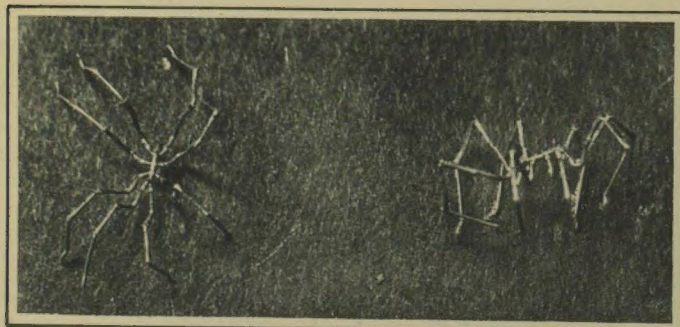
In their larval stage they are at first external parasites holding on to their victims by long tendrils. After moulting, these tendrils disappear, and they become for a season internal parasites, emerging later to the external parasitic form seen here.

The males carry the eggs on what are known as ovigerous legs, but there are so many remarkable features about this habit that I should only spoil a good story by trying to condense it here. It must be told on another occasion. Enough has now been said to illustrate my point—that the forms of the bodies of animals are profoundly affected by their mode of life, so that nearly allied species come at last to assume shapes so strange as completely to mask their relationship.



4. A SEA-SPIDER WHOSE WAY OF LIFE NEEDS A ROBUST HABIT OF GROWTH: *PYCNOGONUM*, IN WHICH THE BODY AND LEGS ARE THICK AND HEAVY, COMPARED WITH THE NEARLY RELATED *PHOXICHILUS* (FIG. 3).

Pycnogonum is found under stones, as well as attached to the bodies of large sea-anemones, on which it preys. The body is segmented, and each segment bears a pair of long legs with sharp claws, while a long proboscis (A) serves to suck the juices of its victims.



3. A SEA-SPIDER WHOSE SEDENTARY WAY OF LIFE ALLOWS OF A VERY FRAGILE HABIT OF GROWTH: TWO VIEWS OF *PHOXICHILUS SPINOSUS*—LEFT, FROM ABOVE; AND RIGHT, FROM THE RIGHT SIDE.

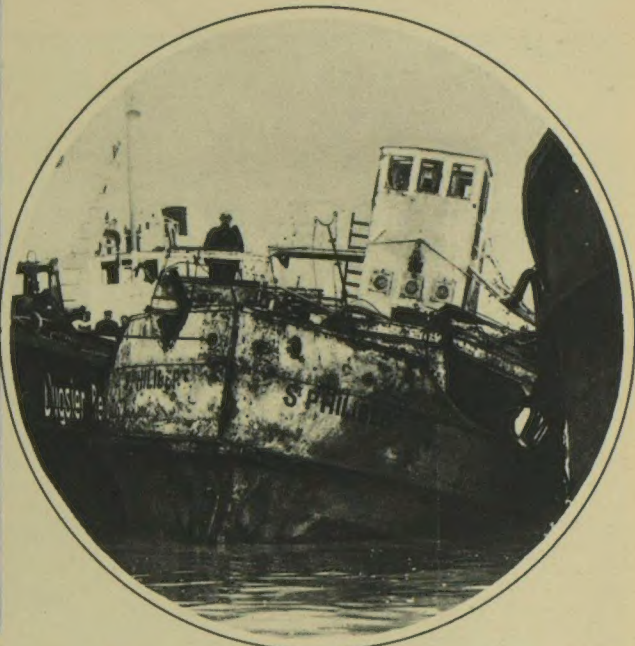
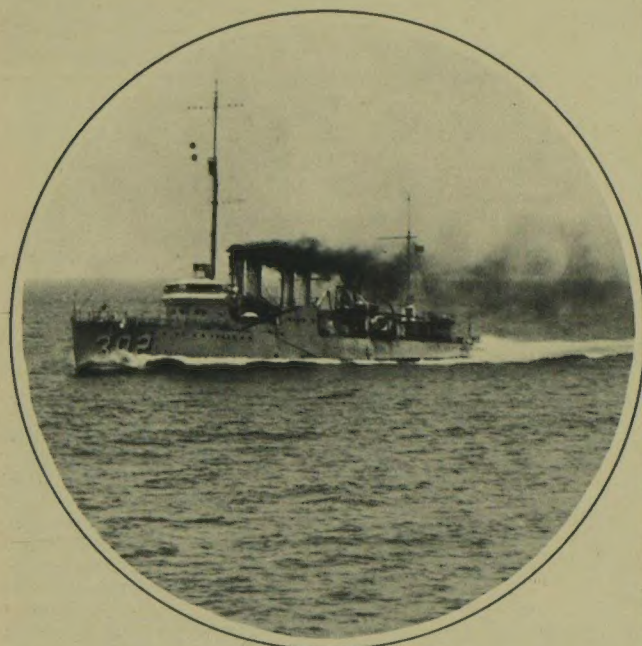
Phoxichilus leads a sedentary life, attached to the delicate branches of *Hydrozoa* which look like sea-weeds; by its resemblance to these branches, *Phoxichilus* escapes detection.

bear witness of this. The dead bodies we know as "fossils," which we find entombed in these ancient land-masses bear witness to the strange types of animals which have had their day and ceased to be. And these, no less than the living creatures of to-day, which the exploration of the sea reveals to us, all bear the impress of the results of the "struggle for existence" which went on then as now.

This "struggle" is made more apparent, more impressive, perhaps, when we come to examine creatures which arrest our attention by reason of their unlikeness to forms with which we are familiar, though these, no doubt, are what they are as a consequence of this same

THE PHOTOGRAPHER SURVEYS

THE WORLD: OVERSEAS EVENTS.



THE U.S. DESTROYER "STODDERT" BEING CONTROLLED BY THE OPERATOR ON THE "PERRY" CONTROLLING THE UNMANNED "STODDERT."

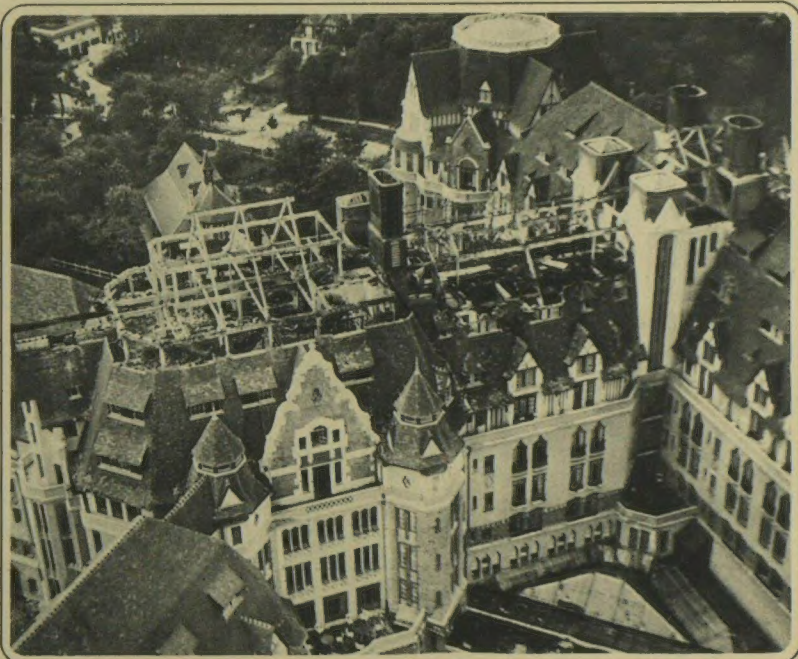
Of recent years, the wireless-controlled target-ship has become a feature of gunnery exercises in more than one navy. Such are the pre-war British battle-ship "Centurion" and the old German war-ship "Zähringen." Here we picture the U.S. destroyer "Stoddert," which put out from San Diego, California, and was steered at 25 knots by radio control. The "Stoddert" is of particular interest, as she served as a target, not for gunfire, but for air-attacks by a U.S. Navy Fighting Squadron.

THE RAISING OF THE "SAINT PHILIBERT": THE ILL-FATED FRENCH PLEASURE-STEAMER SUSTAINED BETWEEN TWO SALVAGE VESSELS.

The wreck of the "Saint Philibert," the French pleasure-steamer which sank off St. Nazaire, with a loss of 500 lives, was berthed on the shore on August 3. Thirteen bodies were found in her. After the sand had been pumped out, she was inspected by officials to see whether she had carried the regulation amount of ballast.

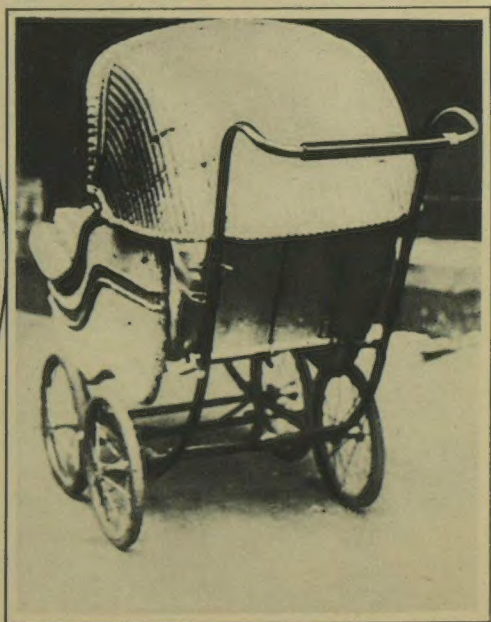
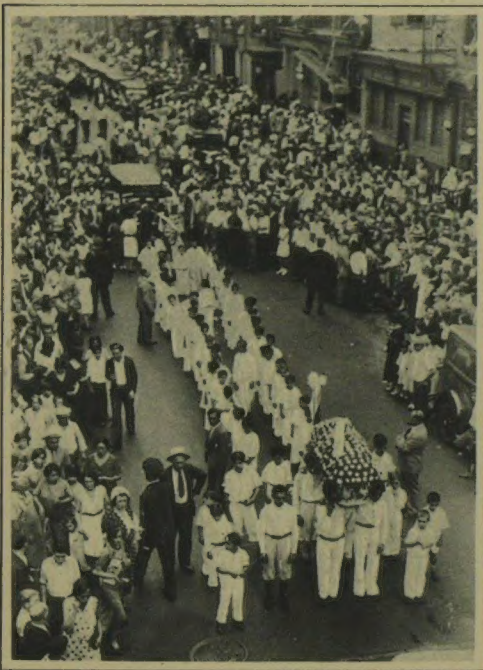


THE RECENT FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE, DURING WHICH THE AUTHORITIES HAD TO USE DYNAMITE TO CHECK THE FLAMES: BURNT-OUT HOUSES IN A RAVAGED AREA. The progress of Turkey in the direction of Westernisation did not prevent the occurrence in the former capital of a catastrophe which had something mediæval in its extensiveness. Over a hundred houses in a Moslem quarter of Constantinople were destroyed in a disastrous fire which broke out on August 5. Owing to the lack of water and a high wind, the Fire Brigade, having difficulty in mastering the flames, were forced to dynamite houses to stop the fire spreading.



THE FIRE IN THE ROYAL PICARDY HOTEL, LE TOUQUET: THE PARTIALLY-GUTTED BUILDING, FROM WHICH ALL VISITORS ESCAPED.

The fire-alarm was given at the Royal Picardy Hotel, Le Touquet, shortly before 4 a.m. on August 7. There were no casualties, and the fire was well in hand by 6.30 a.m. It is believed to have been caused by a short circuit, and spread quickly to a mattress-store; but the damage was mainly confined to rooms on the sixth and seventh floors. The losses are estimated at £16,000. Miss Elizabeth Ryan, the American tennis star, Lord Charles Hope, and Mr. George Lyttleton Rogers were among the distinguished guests who made their escape.



THE FUNERAL OF ONE OF THE CHILD-VICTIMS OF THE RECENT GANGSTER OUTRAGE IN NEW YORK.

WHERE THE CHILDREN WERE SHOT: THE SCENE OF AN OUTRAGE WHICH HAS STIMULATED AN ANTI-GANGSTER CAMPAIGN.

A BABY-CARRIAGE, RIDDLED WITH BULLET-HOLES, AFTER THE OUTRAGE IN NEW YORK.

The outrage illustrated here occurred on July 28, when gangsters opened fire, in 107th Street, New York, in broad daylight, at a rival beer-runner standing on a crowded pavement. Their target escaped injury, but children playing there were killed and wounded before the men ceased firing and drove off. The police were aroused to special activity by an outburst of public indignation, which even went so far as to demand the calling out of the State militia to deal with the

situation. On July 31, Police Commissioner Mulrooney, in an energetic speech, which was broadcast, ordered the police to shoot at sight anyone who went about armed in New York State. Although hold-ups and gangster outrages still continued, on August 6 the intended victim of the shooting on July 28 confessed—a step towards discovering his attackers. On August 8 the names of some of these were given to the police by an unknown witness.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



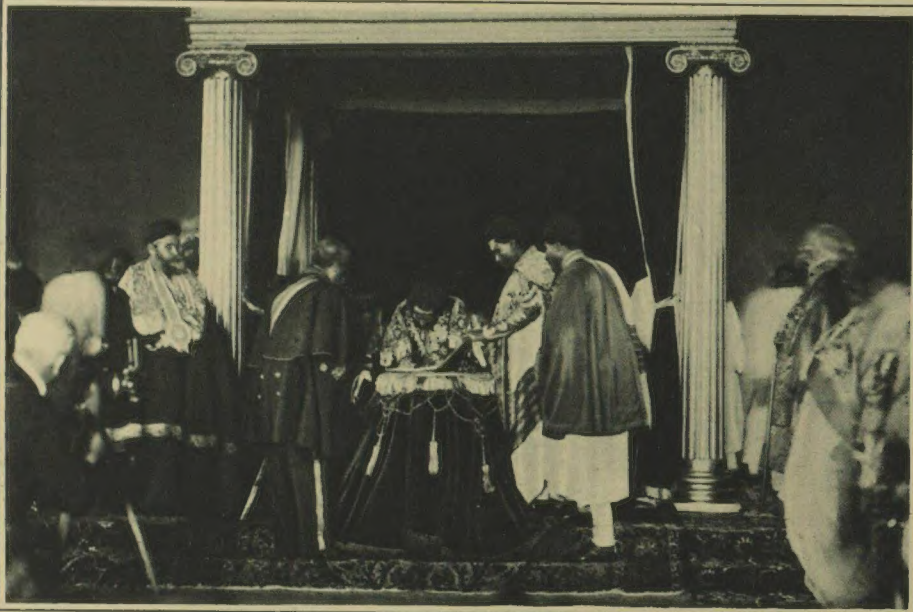
THE GREAT PLAGUE OF GRASSHOPPERS IN THE UNITED STATES: A FRACTION OF THE DEVASTATED AREA, WHICH AMOUNTS TO OVER TEN THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF WHEAT- AND MAIZE-GROWING LAND.

It was announced from New York at the end of July that over 10,000 square miles of farmland on the borders of Nebraska, South Dakota, and Iowa, were suffering from a devastating horde of grasshoppers which was advancing northwards in its millions and devouring the wheat and maize. The State Government had then expended some £20,000 in endeavours to stop the plague,



THE GREAT PLAGUE OF GRASSHOPPERS: FARMERS AND THEIR FAMILIES PRAYING AT A ROADSIDE ALTAR AT JEFFERSON, SOUTH DAKOTA, FOR DELIVERANCE FROM THE HORDE DEVOURING THEIR CROPS.

and the farmers had asked aid from the Federal Government in Washington. Fire was used to create a barrier of barren ground, and aeroplanes flew over the country spraying poison. The first of our photographs shows a scene in Central South Dakota. Drought had already taken toll in the affected area and numerous families were forced to trek northwards.



THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA GRANTING A CONSTITUTION TO HIS SUBJECTS: HIS MAJESTY SIGNING THE HISTORIC DOCUMENT AT ADDIS ABABA ON JULY 16.

On the morning of July 16, his Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia granted a Constitution to his subjects, and there was a brilliant ceremony attended not only by high Abyssinian officials, but by the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of the foreign Press. The Emperor having signed the Constitution, it was countersigned by Prince Asfau, the heir-apparent, by Monsignor Kyril, Abuna and Primate of Ethiopia, and by the Rases, Dejasmatches, Fitauraris, and other chiefs present. Foreign diplomatists, Consuls, and journalists signed as witnesses. In his speech, the Emperor said that he had long wished to set up constitutional government, but had been prevented for various reasons. Now he was able to do so and had decided to institute a legislative body of two Chambers.



MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., DEPUTISING FOR HER FATHER AT THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD: A GROUP AT THE CHAIRING OF THE BARD.

Owing to his convalescence, Mr. Lloyd George was not able to be present as usual at the Charing of the Bard, which took place on August 6, and, as a result, his daughter, Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P., deputised for him. In the illustration, she is seen with the successful Bard—next but one to her at the left of the photograph. The Bard is Mr. D. Gwennall Jones, of Alltwen, Swansea Valley, a member of the teaching staff at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. He was also successful in 1926, at Swansea. Miss Megan Lloyd George, speaking in Welsh, said, in the course of her speech: "I am glad to tell you that the old Eisteddfodwr is holding his own, and gaining ground every day."



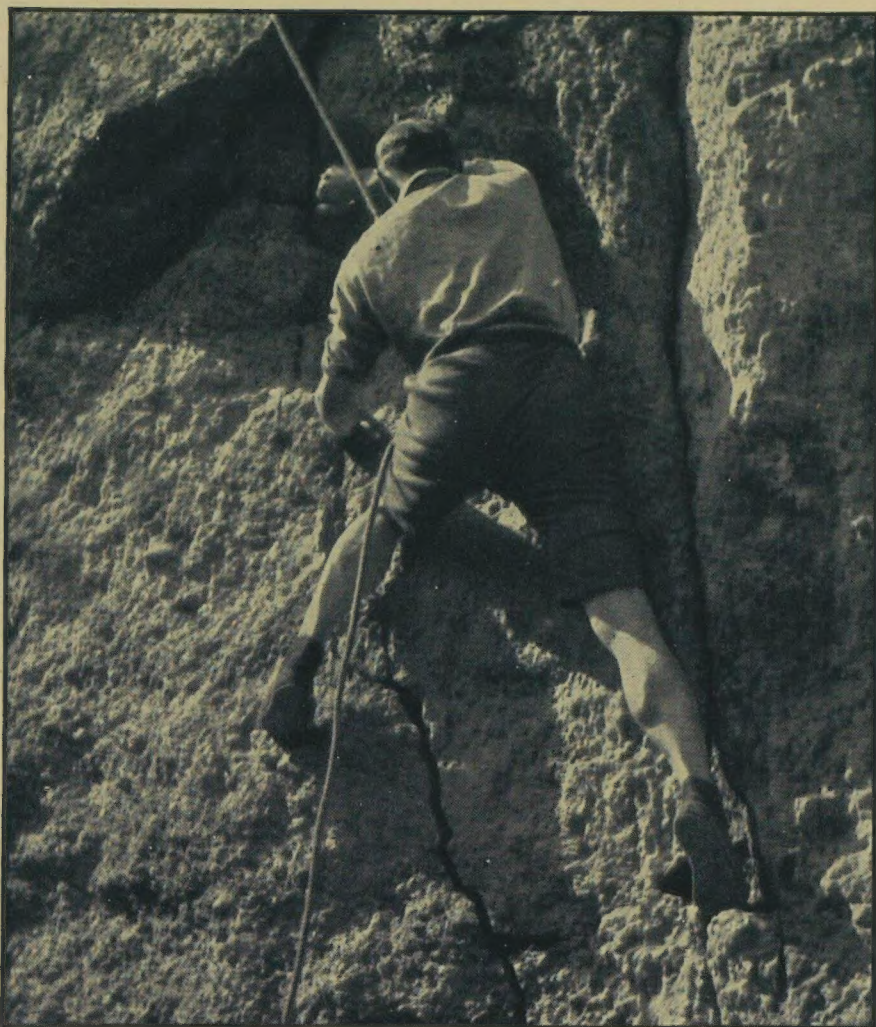
THE FIRST "BABIES" OF THEIR RACE TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE "ZOO": TWO WALRUSES FROM GREENLAND WATERS; YOUNGSTERS WHO ARE FIVE OR SIX MONTHS OLD AND STILL ALMOST TOOTHLESS.

An interesting new attraction at the Zoological Gardens is this pair of little walruses, five or six months old, who arrived there a few days ago. They were captured off Greenland by a sealing-boat. They are the first baby walruses to be exhibited at the "Zoo," and, as our photo-

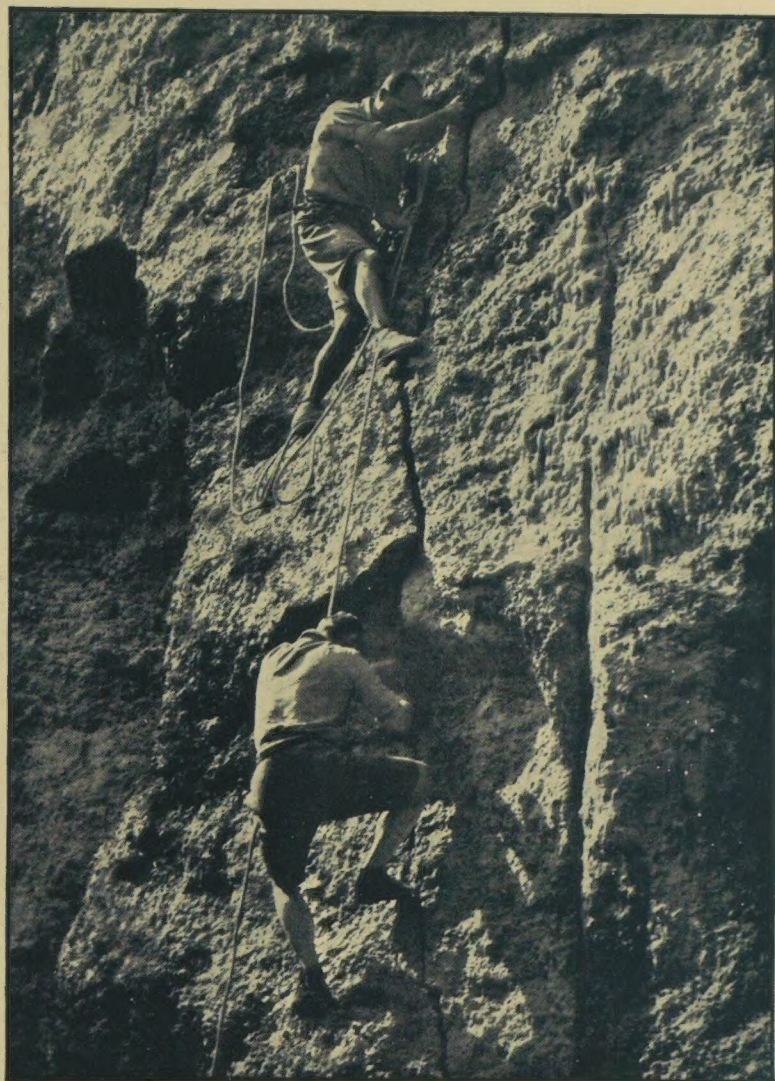


graphs show, they appear to be quite at home in their new surroundings and playfully inclined. Their food consists for the present of herrings and cod-steaks soaked in cod-liver oil. The large walrus previously seen in the Gardens cost between £400 and £500 a year to feed!

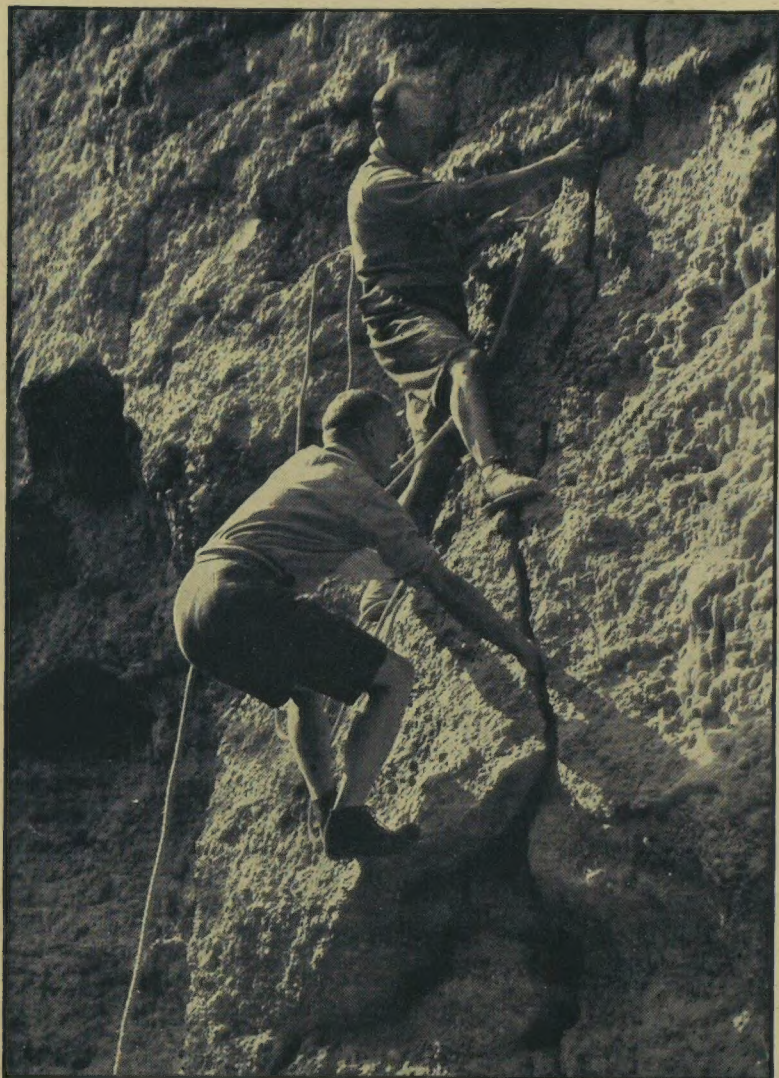
TRAINING KAMET-CLIMBERS OF THE FUTURE? A MOUNTAINEERING SCHOOL.



A PUPIL NEGOTIATING THE SO-CALLED "SIXT CLEFT" DURING A TRAINING CLIMB IN THE ISAR VALLEY: THE CLIMBER—HELD BY THE LEADER'S ROPE—LEARNING TO SWING HIS WEIGHT FROM RIGHT TO LEFT AND GET HIS RIGHT FOOT UP TO A FRESH FOOTHOLD.

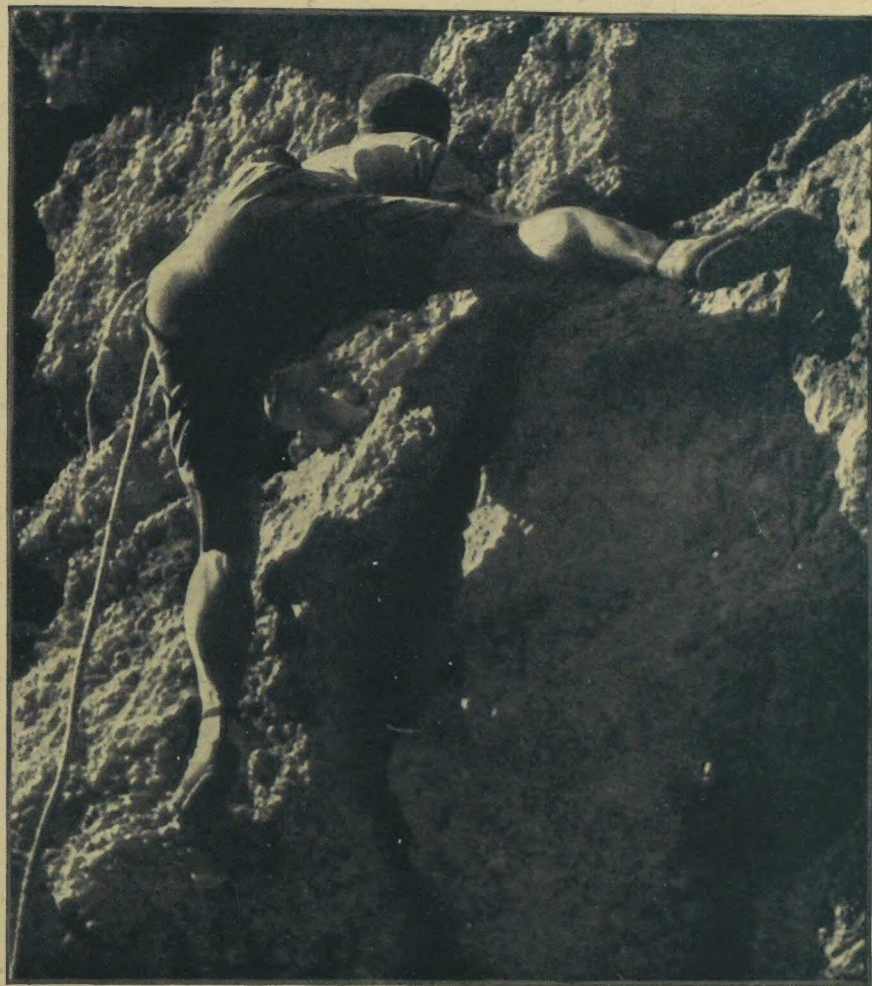


A LATER STAGE IN THE NEGOTIATION OF THE "SIXT CLEFT": THE PUPIL (BELOW) HAVING SWUNG HIS BODY TO THE LEFT AND GAINED A FRESH FOOTHOLD FOR HIS RIGHT FOOT, PROCEEDS TO CLIMB UPWARDS—THE INSTRUCTOR ABOVE.



A THIRD STAGE IN THE NEGOTIATION OF THE "SIXT CLEFT": THE PUPIL HANGING ON TO THE CLEFT AND ABOUT TO FREE HIS RIGHT HAND, IN ORDER TO FIND A HIGHER GRIP—THE INSTRUCTOR TELLING HIM PRECISELY WHAT TO DO.

The conquest of Mount Kamet—a triumph of physical endurance and mountaineering skill—has once more fixed attention on the refinements of the climber's art. The difficulties over which the Kamet Expedition were victorious have been fully illustrated in our pages and are again pictured in this issue. Here we present a series of photographs showing how recruits to mountaineering are trained at a special school in Bavaria. Close by Höllriegelsreuth-Grünwald, on the left bank of the River Isar, some seven miles above Munich, rise bare cliffs of conglomerate nagelfluh—an admirable training-ground for mountaineers. There are no insoluble problems on these Isar valley ascents, though some are formidable enough to worry the most consummate climber. Three of our illustrations show a pupil



GYMNASTICS OF MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING: A TRYING POSTURE ASSUMED BY A CLIMBER WHILE NEGOTIATING THE SO-CALLED "STRENGTH CLEFT" ON ONE OF THE TRAINING ASCENTS OF THE CLIFFS BY THE RIVER ISAR, SOME SEVEN MILES FROM MUNICH.

negotiating the so-called "Sixt Cleft." Throughout, he is held by the leader's rope, which can be seen in the third illustration secured by a rock-hook: none the less, the climber has to perform some remarkable athletic feats. The movement he is about to make in our first illustration in particular calls for a delicate command of the body. Here, the cliff slopes away to the left, and there is danger of a fall if the climber's body, held balanced by his hands pulling towards the right, turns the slightest bit too far.

THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

XII.—ECONOMY OR MORE TAXATION.

THE proposals for public economy made by Sir George May's Committee, appointed by the Government, are counsels of perfection. They are too good to be true, by which I mean too sound to be carried by this or any House of Commons elected by universal suffrage under which most voters are women paying no direct taxes and very little indirect taxation. If it were not for silk stockings, celanese, gloves, lace, and cosmetics, most women would pay no taxes at all; and the articles I have mentioned are generally paid for by fathers, husbands, or lovers. Yet women are the real rulers, owing to the Franchise Acts of Lord Ullswater and Mr. Baldwin, who have not even reaped an electoral advantage by their generosity.

The Committee, composed of Sir George May, Mr. Ashley Cooper, Lord Plender, Sir Mark Jenkinson, Sir Thomas Royden, Messrs. Latham and Pugh, recommend drastic reductions in salaries, bonuses, holidays, outlay on roads, and doles amounting to £96,578,000, which means a reduction of about 1s. 6d. in the £ income tax: With an income tax of 3s. in the £ instead of, as now, 4s. 6d., with surtax, in many cases, of as much again, there would be some chance for a revival of our export trade. With taxes at their present or an increased figure, there is little or no chance of that recovery in world trade which everybody hopes for and some, without any real justification, prophesy.

The two most substantial savings proposed are in the "dole" and in primary education. Everybody knows by this time about the scandalous extravagance, at the expense of the thrifty and industrious, in spending some one hundred millions a year on the maintenance in comfort, and what would have seemed to a previous generation luxury, of those who cannot or will not work. We all know that the textile trades and the coal, steel, iron, and shipbuilding trades have suffered, and that miners and cotton and woollen operatives, and men employed in shipbuilding yards, have been thrown out of work through no fault of their own. But the reckless manner in which public money has been ladled out, in addition to the Poor Law relief, has demoralised labour to such an extent that many unemployed are rapidly being converted into unemployable. By the "dole" I mean unemployed benefit for which no previous contributions have been paid, or have long ago been exhausted. The Committee advise that the unemployed benefits should be reduced in amount

and duration, that the contributions of employers and employed should be increased, that the means test be applied; in other words, that the "dole" should not be used to supplement the earnings of the man or his wife, and that the employees of the Government, the municipalities, and the railways should be made to contribute to benefits which they are never likely to want. By these means it is calculated that some sixty-six millions will be saved.

These proposals have little or no chance of being carried. The trade-unionist officials who form so large a section of Labour M.P.'s, and the Left Wing Socialists, will oppose it, and I am afraid that many Conservatives with doubtful seats will do likewise.

it is what the upper and middle classes have to expect if the Socialists are returned to power.

The next largest economy is to be effected by a reduction of the school-teachers' salaries and education grants by thirteen million six hundred thousand pounds. Of course, we have been spending ridiculously large and increasing amounts on primary education for the last twenty years, with strikingly disproportionate results. The total population of State-aided schools has fallen from six million-odd in 1913 to five million-odd: the amount falling on rates has risen from sixteen millions in 1913 to thirty-eight millions, and the amount falling on taxes has

risen from fifteen millions to forty-eight millions, in round numbers. The cost per child was, in 1913, £5, and to-day is estimated at £15. All parties admit that we are a little mad about education, and the teachers do not seem to be popular, as their overpayment is not denied. All the same, the elementary school-teachers of both sexes are the best organised body of voters in the kingdom, and I should not care to be obliged to read the correspondence of M.P.'s during the next two months.

There is one extravagance which I am delighted to see being struck at. The Road Fund is to be abolished, so say the Committee, and the money derived from licenses and petrol duties left with the Exchequer. At the present hour, the Road Fund has a surplus of £1,120,000. But

it is so pledged for future unemployment works that in 1936 it is calculated there will be a deficit of £29,365,000 if these schemes are carried out. Whether or not, how are these enormous new by-pass roads to be kept up? Most of them, especially in Kent and Surrey, are far wider than is necessary, and are generally empty. They cannot be maintained except at a ruinous cost, and, as they are there simply for the purpose of allowing motorists to travel at unnecessary speeds, if we are to economise, these by-pass roads ought to be dropped.

The present electors will not consider economy seriously until, by the drying up of capital owing to exorbitant wages and excessive taxation, British export trade becomes unprofitable, and therefore non-existent. Then the wage-earning voters will have to tax themselves. But that day has not yet arrived.



THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN BY THE NORTH WALL: A PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPHED BY THE BROTHERS SCHMID, SHOWING THEIR ROUTE; THE WHITE RING INDICATING WHERE THEY BIVOUACKED FOR THE NIGHT AT THE "SHOULDER," THE SCENE OF A HISTORIC TRAGEDY.

On August 1, two brothers named Schmid, students from Munich, accomplished the first successful ascent of the Matterhorn by the precipitous north wall. One of them afterwards declared that the climb was a "nightmare," owing to snow and falling rocks. The dotted line shows their route to the summit, and the little white ring the spot at the "shoulder" where they bivouacked for the night. This is a place of tragic memory, for it was there that the famous accident happened during the first ascent of the mountain in 1865, when Lord Francis Douglas, the Rev. C. Hodson, and Mr. Hadow fell to death, while Mr. Edward Whymper and two guides escaped through the breaking of the rope. The Matterhorn is 14,780 ft. high.

The trade unions favour a generous "dole," which relieves them of the burthen of supporting their own unemployed, as they did in former times, and keeps the labour market from being overcrowded. Let those whom they call the rich pay for the "dole." Messrs. Pugh and Latham, the Socialist members of the Committee, are obliged to admit that more money is wanted to balance the Budget; but the possessors of "fixed incomes" can, they say, well afford to pay more out of the "uncovenanted benefits" they draw from the higher interest and purchasing power of the sovereign. These observations mean the scaling down of the interest on British Government securities, or the raising of the income tax and surtax, or inflation by the issue of paper money, which raises prices and wages and lowers the value of gold. The dishonesty and impudence of treating the interest on loans and investments as "uncovenanted benefits" hardly deserves comment, except that



THE CONQUEST OF MOUNT KAMET: PRIMITIVE 'FORDING' BY BRIDGE & 'CAT'S CRADLE.'



THE RETURN OF THE KAMET EXPEDITION: LADEN YAKS CROSSING A BRIDGE
IN THE GORGE BELOW NITI.

AFTER THE SNOW BRIDGE HAD COLLAPSED: CROSSING THE DHAOLI RIVER
BY IMPROVISED "CAT'S CRADLE."



TRANSPORT ANIMALS CROSSING THE DHAOLI RIVER AFTER THE SNOW BRIDGE HAD COLLAPSED: "ITS TURBULENT TORRENT COULD NOT BE FORDED
EXCEPT BY THE YAKS, WHICH SWAM ACROSS."

The photograph which forms the front page of this issue shows Lewa, the porter, being hauled across the Dhaoli River in a "cat's cradle," an improvisation which is there described. Here we need but quote the following from Mr. Smythe's narrative: "There was a disagreeable surprise when the lower snow bridge over the Dhaoli River collapsed, and its turbulent torrent could not

be forded except by the yaks, which swam across." The difficulty was overcome by a single-rope bridge and a "cat's cradle"; and the only casualties were one hat and Birnie's camera. "Another difficulty was experienced with the yaks, which, after a life of ease for weeks below the Base Camp, resolutely refused or discarded their loads."

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "TIMES."

THE CONQUEST OF MOUNT KAMET: GASPING ALONG IN THE SAVAGE MOUNTAIN WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

NEWS"; BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "TIMES."



NEARING THE TOP OF KAMET: THE ADVANCE ALONG THE "SENSATIONAL" SUMMIT

With this fine picture, and with those on other pages, we continue the series of photographs of the Mount Kamet Expedition which was begun in our issue of July 4, was continued in our issues of July 18 and August 8, and will be continued from time to time as further photographs arrive. As previously chronicled, two successful ascents were made—the first under Mr. Frank S. Smythe, leader of the expedition; the second under Captain E. St. J. Birnie. Describing the climb to the summit ridge and the attainment of the summit, Mr. Smythe wrote in the "Times": "The ascent of 300 feet from the rock to the summit ridge will remain in the memory of all of us as the most exacting and exhausting piece of climbing any has ever endured. . . . Faculties were numbed, reality had become a dream, action automatic. And then I found myself sprawling stomach-downwards across the summit ridge, my head in the sun, my feet in the shadow. . . . In a minute or two I pulled myself together,

RIDGE.—THE EAST KAMET GLACIER SEEN BELOW; MANA PEAK ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

swung myself astride the sharp, rooflike summit ridge and began taking in Holdsworth's rope. We were not on the summit, but only on the summit ridge. The former was out of sight, hidden by a projecting finger of ice a few yards away. . . . Heaving ourselves to our feet, we started along the snow ridge. It is as sharp as the famous Brenva Ridge of Mont Blanc and infinitely more sensational. . . . We gained the ice-finger and gazed over and beyond. Only a gentle dip and an easy ridge separated us from the summit. We gasped along. . . . At 4.30 p.m. we stood on the summit. It is difficult to render any account of the view. We were too far above the world. . . . All about us were peaks of black rock and glaring ice and snow, frozen outposts of the infinite. Thousands of feet beneath curved the unexplored glacier to the south-west of Kamet, ribbed and girded like some monstrous dragon. . . . Only in the north was relief to be found from this savage mountain world."—[The "Times" World Copyright.]

THE SELF-MADE MAN OF LETTERS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"DAWN": By THEODORE DREISER.*

(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

LET us not add another to the many unsatisfactory attempts to define genius; but one of its elements surely is an implanted, irrepressible impulse to imaginative creation, independently of opportunities, advantages, and probabilities. If that be true, Mr. Theodore Dreiser may well lay claim to a title which nowadays is bandied about indiscriminately. Nothing could have seemed more improbable than that the environment and influences which are described in this book could ever have produced a prolific and accomplished writer, or indeed any kind of writer. The phenomenon is so remarkable that Mr. Dreiser's analysis of it, for more than 600 pages, seldom flags in interest, despite "longnesses," digressions, and that minuteness of detail which characterises (and often encumbers) all Mr. Dreiser's work. Self-analysis, the author tells us, in his opening words, without reticence or hesitation of any kind is his prime object: and it requires an extraordinary degree of talent to make six hundred pages of self-analysis at all bearable.

The vividness and the particularity of recollection are astonishing; for these events, the trivial as well as the crucial, are fished up from the depths of fifty and forty years ago. Mr. Dreiser warns us that he may have retouched, and even invented, more than he knows or intends, but the main impression of authenticity is unmistakable. It was a strange, haphazard family into which Dreiser was born—"of a peculiarly nebulous, emotional, unorganised and traditionless character." The father was a German, well furnished with the more sombre Teutonic virtues, but a failure in life, through misfortune rather than through fault, and something of a religious fanatic. It was the mother who held the family together by a bond which remained indissoluble through all vicissitudes, namely, the deep affection which she inspired in all the members of her strangely-assorted brood. She is the outstanding figure of the book, a touching character in the simplicity of her sympathy, endurance, and self-abnegation.

Much space would be required to recount the ups-and-downs of this singularly nomadic family. They wandered from place to place in the Middle West, living precariously, often on the verge of destitution, and always "on the outskirts of things, socially, materially, and in every other way"; more than once touching the fringe of sinister underworlds. Social non-descripts, clutching at life, and just holding on. A distressingly sordid existence, the fastidious observer would say: and yet "say what you will, poor as was our home, it always seemed" (perhaps more rosily in retrospect?) "radiant with hope and youth and beauty. Birds were in our chimneys and eaves, roses in our garden. Mother was always dreaming of better things to come."

The character and fortunes of each member of the family, brothers and sisters, make a separate story, told with great perception and distinctness; we can concern ourselves here only with the future "star" of this motley cast. He was, of course, passing through the ordinary rough-and-tumble of boyhood, all of which is meticulously set down, and some of which is of no conspicuous interest; we might have been spared, without great loss, juvenile fisticuffs, games of trains with cigar-boxes, and addiction to ice-cream sodas and milk shakes. But under these commonplaces were dreams and imaginings, observation and appraisal, and, above all, intense introspection, all of which made the raw material of the future artist and the dissector of life. "Life-hunger was the spirit of me." "I had, if I may say it, a passion for understanding, without the willingness at that

time, however, to delve into the intricacies and subtleties of things. Rather I liked to meditate than to pause and inquire closely." Life was a spectacle of inexhaustible fascination, and it is clear, from the mere force of this recollection that even in his teens this youth was an exceptionally keen observer of human character. "I doubt whether I have ever had strong preferences among humanity at large. The rich have not appealed to me any more than the poor, if as much. Individuality or oddity of character I would put first among my personal preferences." The number of characters who appear



EXTREMELY RARE PERSIAN POTTERY DISCOVERED AT KISH: JARS OF A BEAUTIFUL BLUE AND YELLOW GLAZED WARE DATING FROM THE SASSANIAN PERIOD.

These interesting relics of Neo-Persian art were found recently at Kish by the Herbert Weld (for Oxford) and Field Museum (Chicago) Expedition, and are illustrated here by courtesy of the Director, Professor Stephen Langdon. Part of the bust, here shown complete, appeared in our issue of April 25, where Professor Langdon mentioned that it was one of four (all of the same Sassanian king) found in a Persian "palace" closely resembling in design a Christian cathedral, and expressed the hope that some specialist in Persian art would identify the king, "as royal busts of that period have individualistic features." He has since stated that "the Lecturer in Numismatics at Oxford has identified these busts as those of Bahram Gor, A.D. 420-438, mentioned by Omar Khayyam." Previous illustrations of the remarkable Persian discoveries at Kish were published in our issues of February 14 and March 7.



"BAHRAM, THAT GREAT HUNTER": A BUST OF A SASSANIAN KING FOUND AT KISH AND IDENTIFIED AS BAHRAM GOR, MENTIONED BY OMAR KHAYYAM.

in this book, each with an extraordinarily distinct "individuality or oddity," is sufficient evidence of what was later to become Dreiser's greatest literary asset.

There was also an acute sensitiveness to the beauties of nature, reminiscence of which moves

Mr. Dreiser to some of his best, because simplest, writing. "Certain aspects of the morning and evening sky; faint shreds of cirrus or stratus clouds; small pools in the woods in which leaves and trees were reflected; the swooping down of the house martins and swallows; the sudden upward rush of a meadow lark; birds' nests in the bushes or trees—these were enough to suffuse me with a rich, emotional mood, tremulous, thrilling." And, from a very early age, there were books—beginning with come-by-chance pietistic and journalistic fragments, and progressing through blood-and-thunder to the major and minor classics—from Diamond Dick and Nick Carter even unto Dryden and Dickens, and down again even unto Ouida. "Books! Books! Books! How wonderful, fascinating, revealing! Whenever I found it possible, I would steal away and ascend to a front bedroom on the second floor of our house, and there bury myself in the pages of first one volume and then another. Outside, overhead, might be a blue or grey sky, sunshine or rain or snow; it made little difference. For I was reading and awakening to a consciousness of many things, the mere knowledge of which appeared to coincide with power. The skies in my books were blue. One could do things with sufficient power."

It is not the least advantage of this "sky-ey world" that it is unnecessary to make a living in it; the unrelenting world of reality knows no such indulgence. A mere catalogue of the occupations followed by young Dreiser before he had reached twenty-one (when the chronicle ends) is enough to show the grimness—not, however, without its relish of adventure—of his struggle for existence. First a news-boy; next, a farm-hand—a brief attempt at work far beyond his physical strength,

which was never abundant; a dish-washer in an eating-house kept by a Greek of unparalleled insanitariness; odd man to an iron-monger; assistant to a painter of photographic backgrounds; a "car tracer" on a railway; a university student for a year, by the fairy-godmother intervention of a former teacher; a real estate agent; a laundryman's driver; a collector of instalments for gimcrack baubles sold "on easy terms" to the poor and gullible. It is an example of Mr. Dreiser's uncompromising candour that he tells us how and why, in his last occupation, he stole his employer's money.

Such was Dreiser's education. Other education, in the ordinary sense, was scant. He speaks with warm appreciation of some of his early sporadic school-teaching, but rather because of the kindly human interest of teachers than of any "book-learning" acquired; and his year at a State University contributed a great deal in the way of experience (much of it painful and prejudicial), but little in the way of intellectual equipment. At the conclusion of his book, Mr. Dreiser expresses disbelief in the efficacy of education as an aid to real achievement. For him the "hard school of experience": and it could scarcely have been harder, for it brought him frequently in contact with the most squalid aspects of life in the "submerged" quarters of city and country. What lessons did it teach?

Inevitably, negative lessons—of disillusionment, perplexity, and gloom; but, on the credit side, sympathy, pity, and unbounded tolerance. Any transcendental faith he early abandoned, in reaction, no doubt, against paternal religiosity; he is, indeed, bitterly hostile to the dogmas in which he was reared.

"I am, in truth, dogmatically speaking, a total loss." As for this sublunary world and its life, what is man's portion but "immeasurable triviality" and a "shabby end"? At the sound of a squealing herd of swine, "I am haunted by the truth that life

(Continued on page 270.)

* "Dawn": The First Volume of "A History of Myself." By Theodore Dreiser. (Constable; 10s.)

TROUT THAT FEED FROM THE HAND: FAMOUS FISH OF THE BLAUSEE.



THE BLAUSEE, BELOW KANDERSTEG; WITH THE BLÜMLISALP: A FAIRY-TALE LAKE WHOSE TRANSPARENT BLUE WATERS ARE THE HOME OF TAME TROUT.



FISH THAT KNOW NO FEAR OF BAIT OR HOOK: BLAUSEE TROUT, WHICH COME TO BE FED FROM THE HAND, AND ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE PICKED UP.



THE IDYLIC BLAUSEE; WITH THE TAME TROUT PLAYING IN THE FOREGROUND: A LAKE OF LIMPID BLUE WATER THROUGH WHICH THE TRUNKS OF FALLEN TREES SHOW 150 FT. BELOW.



THE TROUT COMING TO BE FED—SO TAME THAT THEY CAN BE TAKEN UP IN THE HAND: A SIGHT OF THE TRANQUIL BLAUSEE, WHICH IS MUCH VISITED BY TOURISTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

That fish, especially trout, are to be found tame in a lake, sounds like a traveller's tale. Yet, many can bear witness to the fact. As far afield as India, as pictured by us last year, the sacred fish maintained by the Maharajah of Rewa actually race for the shore like pet goldfish when it comes to feeding-time. Here we are nearer home; for our illustrations show the Blausee, where the trout have put off their elusive shyness and grown accustomed to rising to the surface and eating out of the hand. It is even said that they will allow themselves to be picked up. It will be at once conjectured that the peace of this lake is well preserved; such remarkable tameness in trout postulates generations of friendly intercourse with mankind. But travellers, besides spinning curious yarns,

have curious controversies—one is frequently raised by the combative tourist's quest for the bluest blue! Some truculent lover of nature at once urges the claims of the sunlit ocean off the west coast of Ireland, certain that by doing so he will irritate upholders of the Mediterranean's unattainable cerulean; others, more widely travelled, match Capri's celebrated grotto with the sky over the Himalayas. Amid so many claimants, perhaps they are within their rights who urge the claims of the Blausee to be the bluest of them all. Its sapphire-coloured waters, set in the deep green of Alpine forests, are so limpid and transparent that the trunks of fallen trees can be clearly seen 150 ft. below; while even at midwinter, the Blausee, we are told, remains unfrozen and transparent.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

STAGE EXPERIENCE ON THE SCREEN.

IN the interviews with film-directors which crop up both in trade journals and the current newspapers at regular intervals, the question regarding stage experience inevitably arises. "Do you prefer your artists to possess stage experience?" demands the interlocutor, generally extracting the non-committal answer that "Stage experience may be useful." Judging by results, and having in mind our own British-made films, I should feel inclined to say that stage experience, if not imperative, is, so far, all-conquering. One has but to remember the work of well-known stage actors and actresses on the screen, and to compare it with that of the relatively small contingent of screen "discoveries," to come to this conclusion. The advent of the talking-film has opened the doors to the established stage actor, and brought the methods of the studio and the theatre into closer relationship; at the same time emphasising the need for a definite vocal technique and a command of variety in inflections based on long experience.

The renaissance of the British film is of comparatively recent date. The years of apprenticeship in minor parts, the gradual ascent into stellar eminence, the supreme familiarity with the exigencies of the camera founded on a novitiate in the days of silence and integrant in the equipment of the majority of Hollywood's "stars," are almost wholly absent in our studios. Nor do our film-makers pursue the policy of careful "nursing" or insist on the intensive self-

without the assistance of adequate apprenticeship. The encouragement of British films is not served by clapping the telescope of criticism to a patriotically blind eye and refusing to see the weak spot which, in nine cases out of ten, lies in the inexperience of the leading lady unless she happens to have graduated from the stage. Though she may in many instances, and with ample justification, complain of unflattering photography, though she has not the advantage of weeks of preparatory study from which she emerges with her best feature foremost, as it were, she rarely rises to the emotional intensity, the complete lack of camera-consciousness, the sense of line and pictorial composition—above all, the art that conceals art—of the American screen-actress. She has not even mastered the far from easy business of wearing effective dresses effectively, nor of using her feet as eloquently as her hands. These matters are all part and parcel of a polished technique. Until she has been given the time and the opportunity of climbing the ladder of experience patiently and steadily, her best-intentioned efforts will be overshadowed by the work of her colleagues of the theatre.

Our screen-actors have, almost to a man, won their spurs on the stage. The few exceptions have been able to bridge over the period of abeyance in the British film output and return to the screen with their armoury intact. Thus Mr. Henry Edwards and Mr. Warwick Ward, whose years of work in silent pictures form a solid basis upon which they can build at will. To the ranks of our brilliant screen-actors must now be added the volatile hero of "The Flying Fool," Mr. Henry Kendall, who "takes the screen" with splendid *panache*. But, though I have seen Mr. Kendall somewhat amusingly referred to as being "discovered" by his director, Mr. Walter Summers, this excellent comedian has been a leading *jeune premier* of the stage for several years. His "discovery" was therefore no very difficult matter, and his instant success points to the stage as the ideal training-ground for the screen-artist.

BRITISH STUDIOS' "OFFENSIVE."

The recent simultaneous booking in over nine hundred cinemas throughout the country of films produced at Elstree by British International Pictures, as well as the

organising this "mass" presentation of Elstree productions, has therefore done good service to the industry as a whole by making it possible for the public to gauge, over a considerable period of time and in a variety of subjects, the progress that has indubitably been made since sound and talk invaded our screens.



IN "YOUNG AS YOU FEEL": WILL ROGERS AS LEMUEL MOREHOUSE, THE PROSPEROUS MEAT-PACKER WHO GOES TO COLORADO WITH A FASCINATING FRENCH SINGER.

It was arranged to present the Fox picture "Young as You Feel" at the Regal on August 8.

Photograph supplied by Fox Film Co., Ltd.

The programmes include nearly forty films, ranging from "Atlantic," the first bi-lingual picture made in any country, to British International's latest production, "The Flying Fool," now running at the London Pavilion. Other multi-lingual subjects are "Cape Forlorn," Miss Fay Compton's first British talkie, and the not altogether successful, but yet impressive, "Two Worlds," both directed by Mr. E. A. Dupont. In lighter vein are Mr. Harry Lachman's "The Yellow Mask," an attempt at compromise

between musical comedy and melodrama, as well as the same director's earlier "Under the Greenwood Tree," and Mr. Richard Eichberg's "Let's Love and Laugh," in which Mr. Gene Gerrard made his screen debut. Mr. Monty Banks is the chief director of farcical subjects, such as "My Wife's Family" and "Almost a Honeymoon." Mr. Alfred Hitchcock is represented by "Murder!" and "The Skin Game," the first a picture that established new, and still valid, standards in British films with its breaking away from stage technique and dramatic interchange of sound and silence; the second a finely-acted and well-photographed version of Mr. John Galsworthy's play. "Loose Ends" brought Miss Adrienne Allen to the fore as a screen-actress; while "The Love Habit," a most charming comedy, "starred" Mr. Seymour Hicks in the dual rôles of actor and director. Two different aspects of the Great War are presented in "Suspense" and "Tell England," Messrs. Anthony Asquith's and Geoffrey Barkas's pictorially powerful version of the famous novel, that just

misses splendour by reason of its over-insistence on the personal. Infinitely poignant in its deliberate avoidance of emotionalism is the direction by Mr. F. W. Kraemer and Mr. Milton Rosmer of the tragedy of "Dreyfus," treated, though it is, on methods approximating to the stage rather than the screen, but in which the acting of Mr. Cedric Hardwicke is unforgettable.



"CITY STREETS," THE NEW FILM OF GANGSTER LIFE: THE KID (GARY COOPER), WITH NAN (SYLVIA SIDNEY), BEFORE SHE PERSUADES HIM TO JOIN THE "BEER-RACKET" TO WHICH HER FATHER BELONGS.

Photograph supplied by Paramount Pictures.

culture which files off the rough edges and brings about a perfection of poise, an ease of movement, to say nothing of physical attraction, in the exponents of kinematic art. Once in a while, an artist with a natural aptitude for pictorial drama may emerge at a bound from obscurity to be lifted by skilful directorship into world-wide fame. But such cases are rare. They depend to a great extent on opportunity, still more on personal magnetism—a priceless and by no means common possession—most of all on a fortunate alliance with a producer of genius.

With the exception, then, of these isolated meteors, experience, or, in other words, the chance of acquiring a thorough grasp of the whole business, is the essential taskmaster. The hiatus in the activities of British studios has curtailed the length of such experience, especially in the case of our feminine screen-stars, who, with very slender stage-training or none at all, bear the burden of leading parts on their shoulders. Whilst it would be idle to contend that every successful stage actress can meet the demands of the camera and the microphone with an equal success, I do maintain that the finest histrionic contributions to our screens have invariably come from an actress of stage experience. The work of Miss Fay Compton, Miss Adrienne Allen, Miss Ursula Jeans—a more recent recruit to the ranks of kinematic artists—has a poise, an assurance, a beauty of movement and a light and shade which I find absent in those young ladies who have leaped into prominence on the screen



"CITY-STREETS," WHICH IS NOW BEING SHOWN AT THE PLAZA: "BIG FELLOW" MASKAL (PAUL LUKAS)—MANAGER OF THE "RACKET" WHICH THE KID IS PERSUADED TO JOIN BY HIS SWEETHEART—DISMISSING AN OLD FLAME, AGNES (WYNNE GIBSON).

current British Film Festival at Malvern, are enterprises of unusual interest, since they represent the first time that British films have been submitted in bulk to the judgment of an increasingly critical public. Compared with the immense numbers coming from American studios, British films are few and far between, a fact that makes the less satisfactory among them stand out with painful distinctness. Mr. John Maxwell, in



PYJAMA-SUITS ON THE HIGH ROAD: VISITORS TO JUAN-LES-PINS IN FASHIONABLE FIGURED SILK.

THE PYJAMA-CLAD WORLD OF FASHION: TROUSERED MATRONS AND MAIDS, CHILDREN AND NURSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. DELIUS (SEE DOUBLE PAGE, 254-255.)



AT THE LIGHT-LUNCH COUNTER: A CUSTOMER WHO FAVOURS LIGHT WOOLLEN JERSEY.



"NANNIE" IN TROUSERS! A NURSE IN PRACTICAL PYJAMAS; WITH HER CHARGES.



THE NURSERY FOLK FOLLOW THE LEAD OF THEIR ELDERS: YOUNG SUPPORTERS OF THE DIVIDED-SKIRT FASHION.



EMINENTLY PRACTICAL—AND SAILOR-LIKE: CHILDREN IN VERY SMART BEACH-SUITS AT A FRENCH SEASIDE RESORT.



TROUSERS WORN WITH A LITTLE BOLERO COAT: A SMART PYJAMA-ED FIGURE ON THE RIVIERA.

THE Pyjama question will exercise the minds of many who are starting off on a holiday. There will be hundreds to scorn the new mode for beach and promenade; but it cannot be denied that those who wish to follow fashion must make up their minds that to go to the seaside unprovided with a trousered suit or two is to be considered far more eccentric than it would be to appear in divided skirts. On the Riviera, pyjamas—or, to use a fitter term, beach-suits—are the only wear in the daytime. At Juan-les-Pins, for instance, trousered suits are donned in the morning and are worn by fashionable women throughout the day. The sight of a slim pyjama-ed girl strolling along the promenade provokes no especial interest—it is the most ordinary sight in that particular world. Children, also, are frequently pyjama-ed to-day, and parents find this form of nursery costume extremely useful.



THE PYJAMA-CLAD WORLD OF FASHION: THE BEACH-SUIT AS UNIVERSAL SEASIDE WEAR.

"Pyjamas"—notes the Oxford Dictionary soberly—"Loose silk or cotton trousers tied round waist, worn by both sexes among Mohammedans and adopted especially for night-wear by Europeans; sleeping suit of loose trousers and jacket. [f. Pers. *poj jamah* (*poj*, pay, foot, leg, + *jamah*, clothing)]." The editors will have to add to this in the next issue, provided always that a craze of the moment becomes a commonplace in the near future. Maybe there is chance of this, for assuredly there is no commoner object of the modern seashore or promenade than the pyjama-suit or beach-suit. Here it is seen in various styles. For the rest, and in amplification, let it be remarked that 1931 has witnessed a sudden turn of the wheel of Fashion, which has brought long skirts, Victorian forbelows, and Second Empire hats into the front rank of favour. If, however, the feminine note is forced when formal functions are in question, custom has, *en renouveau*, accepted the trousered or pyjama-suit as a perfectly correct addition to the well-bred woman's holiday wardrobe. Originally, the pyjama-suit, as

now worn *en vacances*, came into being as a comfortable slip-on garment for the bather who did not wish to get sunburnt and yet did not feel inclined to don an elaborate frock in which to lounge about on the beach. In fact, it took the place of a bathing-wrap in many instances, as swimmers on sunny *plages* wore pyjama-suits over their bathing-dresses between dips. The practical comfort of the "divided skirt" is, no doubt, responsible for its popularity. Pyjamas are worn by practically every woman, girl, and child at seaside places, and the sight of women strolling along the front in all sorts of elaborate trousers can be seen at any watering-place at home or abroad. Sometimes these suits are made of simple linen, or shantung, but they are also carried out in patterned materials and worn with elaborate coats or over simple little jerseys. When of soft materials, the trousers look like a long skirt cut with considerable fullness and can be made extremely graceful. The large hat—usually of straw—gives an appropriate finish.

FROM THE PICTURE BY STEVEN SPURRER; SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

